



**SIMMONS' LIVER**

THE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are: Headache, dizziness, and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with painful sensations of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, dizziness, and loss of spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the liver is generally the organ most involved. Cure the liver with

**DR. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,**

A PREPARATION OF ROOTS AND HERBS, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one.

It has been used by hundreds, and is known for the last thirty-five years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. It takes no time, and is perfectly safe. It is a cure for Dyspepsia, headache, jaundice, constipation, sick headache, chronic diarrhoea, all affections of the bladder, or any urinary affections of the kidneys, fever, nervousness, chills, discoloration of the skin, impurity of the blood, melancholy, or depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pains in the bowels, pain in the back, fever and ague, malarial fever, pain in the back and limbs, asthma, erysipelas, female affections, and bilious diseases generally.

Prepared only by J. H. ZEHLIN & CO., Druggists, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Sent for a Circular. Price \$1; by mail \$1.25.

For sale by CHARLES TATMAN, Jr., Dec. 24-ly.

**GEO. W. INGRAM & CO.**

Brokers & Real Estate Agents,  
BROAD STREET ABOVE BALDWIN,  
Middletown, Delaware.

ATTENDED PROMPTLY TO THE COLLECTION OF NOTES, DRAFTS, BILLS, &c. &c.

**Valuable Real Estate,**

Comprising some of the most desirable Farms on the Peninsula.

Correspondence by mail solicited.

Refer by permission to the following named gentlemen:

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Col. Blanton Duncan, Louisville, Ky.  
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**Highly Important Discovery.**

DR. SIMMS, of Wilmington, Del. has discovered a plant, the essential nature of which in combination with other rare ingredients, known only to the discoverer, will positively cause the hair to grow thick and beautiful where it has fallen off and become thin. In a great many cases where hair has been lost, the hair, it has restored it again wonderfully fast. In several cases of baldness it has restored the hair to all its former fullness. As the Doctor has prepared a preparation for years, under the name of BOWERS' Hair Tonic, he will continue the preparation under the same name, with an addition of this discovery. It is not a hair colorer as is generally offered for sale, but by its action on the scalp and roots of the hair, the natural color seems to come with the renewed growth. It cures disease of the head. It is elegantly perfumed, and is a splendid hair dressing. A fair trial will convince any one of its great qualities. Sold Wholesale and Retail at

FOURTH & KING STS.  
Wilmington, Del.

For sale by WM. H. BARR, Middletown, Del. and by dealers in medicines generally.

**BOWERS' Complete Manure,**

MADE FROM

**Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.**

Warranted free from adulteration, and equal in quality to any sold during the last five years.

Experience in the use of "BOWERS' COMPLETE MANURE," by the best farmers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the Cotton States, has resulted in proving it to be

**THE BEST FERTILIZER**

OFFERED FOR SALE.

**HENRY BOWER,**

MANUFACTURING CHEMIST,  
Gray's Ferry Road Philadelphia.

DIXON SHARPLESS & CO.

40 SOUTH DELAWARE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA.

And For Sale by all leading dealers.

**JOHN OTTO.** **JOHN BUTZ.**

**OTTO & BUTZ,**

WHOLESALE TOBACCO HOUSE,  
and manufacturers of all kinds of

**CIGARS,**

2nd & West Front Street,  
Aug 11-2m. WILMINGTON, DEL.

## 7-30 GOLD LOAN

### OF THE

## Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

### Rapid Progress of the Work.

THE building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last,) is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Seven thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed 260 miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running 130 miles of finished road, and track-laying is progressing towards the eastern border of Dakota. Including the purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has 413 miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least 500.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co. are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommending, as a profitable and perfectly safe investment, the First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have 30 years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 6 per cent. currency), and are secured by first and only mortgage on the entire road and its equipment, and also, as fast as the road is completed, on 23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or 500 acres for each \$1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. Tax; principal and interest are payable in gold; denominations: coupon, \$100 to \$1,000; registered, \$100 to \$10,000.

**LANDS FOR BONDS.** Northern Pacific 7-30's are at all times receivable at 10 per cent. above par, in exchange for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash prices. This renders them practically interest-bearing land warrants.

**SINKING FUND.** The proceeds of all sales of lands are required to be devoted to the purchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The land grant of the road exceeds fifty million acres. This immense sinking fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment accessible to the people, which is more profitable or safe.

**EXCHANGING U. S. FIFTY-TWENTIES.** The success of the new government 5 per cent. bond will compel the early surrender of United States 5 per cent. Many holders of Fifty-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

**OTHER SECURITIES.**—All marketable stocks and bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. Express orders on money or bonds received and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the financial agent. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc. can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned.

**JOHN McLEAR & SON,**  
Bankers and Principal Agents for Delaware,  
No. 602 Market Street, Wilmington.

For sale at the Citizens' National Bank, Middletown.

aug 26-3m

**CARRIAGES, NO-TOP BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, TOP BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, JENNY LINDS, CARRIAGES, ROCKAWAYS, CARRIAGES, Jump-Seat Rockaways, CARRIAGES, FAMILY CARRIAGES, CARRIAGES OF EVERY STYLE AND FINISH.**

To Suit Everybody, at

**J. M. COX & BRO.'S**

may 20 Middletown, Del.

**THE BITTER ROOT AGUE PILL.**

THE undersigned having obtained the most perfect and prompt relief from the use of these Pills, concluded to procure a large amount of them to supply the neighborhood. To be certain that the investment would be safe, application was made to one of the most prominent and successful physicians of the country for his opinion of this medicine. He replied:

"It is perfectly harmless. Contains no Arsenic, no Mercury nor Quinine, and yet is so energetic and powerful that I fully believe it will cure all cases of Fever and Ague, if properly used. In 752 cases there was not one failure, where the medicine was used as directed. Therefore, by placing it within the reach of every one, you will confer an untold blessing upon the community."

Encouraged by this frank and unserved testimony, I have prepared myself to establish Local Agents wherever the Pills are needed.

**CHARLES A. BRYAN,**  
General Agent,  
Chesapeake City, Md.

BITTER ROOT PILLS are for sale by CHAMBERLAIN, Pharmacist, Middletown, Del.

sept 16-3m

**FRESH MEATS.**

THE undersigned respectfully announce to the residents of Middletown that they have rented the store opposite the Postoffice, Main Street, on Main street, Middletown, Del. and intend, on and after MONDAY, SEPT. 25, to have a supply of fresh meats equal to the demand of all who may favor them with their patronage. All orders supplied with promptness and dispatch.

**WALLACE & GARY.**

sept 23-3m

**DR. H. C. REGISTER,**  
DENTIST,  
No. 907 Walnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

aug 16-2

## Select Poetry.

### NOVEMBER.

#### BY WILLIAM GAYLORD CLARE.

Solemn yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! thus dawnest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strewn  
Pale summer's melancholy bier.  
The moaning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze!  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
Where are thy living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's worried powers—  
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

I look to nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground:  
And sighing with the winds I feel,  
While their low murmur nears,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the West:  
There tore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glass breast:  
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now, they beat  
In storm, or o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breeze  
When life is fresh and joy is new;  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They say the leaves in that bright wreath  
Which hope about her forehead twines,  
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe,  
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time and Death and Care  
What gloom about our way they fling!  
Like clouds in Autumn's quiet air,  
The burial pageant of the Spring,  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness side by side.

## Select Story.

### A Terrible Test of Friendship.

The following beautiful story is old, but literally true, and was first published in a lecture delivered by William Tracy, Esq. of Utica, New York, on the early history of Oneida county:

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge—, who established himself at Whitesboro, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widow daughter with only one child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect, the country around us was an unbroken forest and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge— saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent in a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him to-morrow. True to his appointment the sachem came. Judge— received him with marks of respect and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. Upon this result the Judge was convinced that his security might depend, and was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country; to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out and then said:—"Brother, you ask much and promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good for the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge; "is not that an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not be deterred that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust him he will trust you. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer."

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she clasped him in her arms, and, pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with the Judge. He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more dear to me than I would not risk a hair of his head. But my child must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwag as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment and then slowly returned, placing the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore away slowly—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away; noon arrived; yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. The Judge walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest to the sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing about the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honor, that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe. "The white man has conquered," said the sachem, "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian, he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word, and Judge W— lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

## CAROLINE'S FIRE KING.

We have noticed for some time past an article going the rounds of the press, copied from the columns of the N. Y. Herald, relative to the unaccountable feats performed by Nathan Coker, a colored man residing but a short distance from this place. The statement is a little highly colored and at the same time contains some inaccuracies, which it would be as well to correct. In the first place, Coker is not a blacksmith and never worked at that business. All that part of the article in the Herald, in which Coker gives his own statement to the reporter, is unreliable, and we have no doubt untrue in several particulars. When under the influence of liquor he is very laqueous, and talks extravagantly of his performances. He can, however, cut red hot anthracite coals; stir up red hot coals in a furnace with his naked hands; lick a red hot bar of iron until it is cold; receive molten lead into his mouth and keep it there until it cools, and it has been said that he has walked on a red hot bar of iron barefoot. This feat we have never witnessed ourselves, although we have seen him apply a red hot bar of iron to his bare feet, and keep it there until it had lost its redness. But we have noticed there are times when fire seemed to affect him and we have seen him start back from its touch. We remember a few years ago, while he was mixing lime for the plasterers who were at work finishing a building for us in this town, he ran his hand into the lime while being shacked to take out the core, but he withdrew it in a twinkling. The lime burned him, and he felt its effects very sensibly. Another time, a company of mischievous young men got Coker rather badly. He made a wager with them of twenty dollars that he could sit on a red hot stove for fifteen minutes. The stove was heated up until it was all aglow with redness—the fire king took his seat and actually, it is said, sat out ten minutes of the time, but one of the wags, poured a little oil on the stove, which drew him from his position in double quick time and burned him severely. He is a remarkable negro, and no one yet has been able to explain his dealings with this element.—Barton (Md.) Union.

**WHAT MEN HAVE DIED FOR.**—Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Col. Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was challenged by Captain Smith for declining wine at dinner on a steamboat, although the General had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York city, between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 70th, and Captain McPherson, of the 42d British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Nash's assistant editor on the National Advocate, lost his life, in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingston, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards.

## THE GAS WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Hon. Neal Dow communicates to the Boston Congregationalist the following account of natural gas wells:

In many parts of the Keystone State, wells, bored for the purpose, yield an abundant flow of illuminating gas—identical in character with that manufactured in our cities from bituminous coal. These wells are from two hundred to seven hundred or eight hundred feet deep, and from three inches to five or six inches in diameter. They are "bored" through the various strata of earth and stone, and are lined, like oil wells, with wrought-iron pipes made for the purpose. In many places these wells are of great value, affording sufficient fuel for driving the machinery of large manufacturing establishments. In some places the supply of gas is sufficient to repay the entire cost of the well and fixtures in a single year or less.

At Erie, I saw several of these gas wells employed in this way. Directly on the shore of the lake are located the works for the supply of the city with water. The water is forced into a stand pipe, two hundred and thirty feet high, by which it is distributed with sufficient pressure over the entire city. The enormous engines do this work, being driven by steam generated by gas flowing from a well sunk upon the premises. We were permitted to look into the furnaces, which were all aglow with a brilliant flame, issuing from a series of small pipes connected with the gas well. There was no dust nor smoke, and no fireman was required. The only attention necessary was to turn on or off a little gas according to the indications of the steam gauge. The works were about to be enlarged, and another well was in progress to furnish gas for the additional boilers.

These gas wells are found also in operation for domestic purposes; I saw it employed in a gentleman's house. In the library was an open fireplace, and a wood fire—or what seemed to be such—for the terra cotta upon the mantel was an admirable imitation of hickory wood. A low fire was burning, for the morning was not cold; the lady of the house turned a small tap near the fireplace, and the flame instantly increased in volume, and continued to increase as the gas was turned on until the fireplace was full of flame, issuing from terra cotta, and we had what seemed to be a roaring hickory wood fire. This gas was then slowly turned off, and the fire gradually diminished and finally expired. The lady then with a match lighted a piece of paper, and threw it upon the wood, turning on the gas at the same moment, and we had instantly the low fire which we found at the beginning. In every room in the house, except the kitchen, was a singular apparatus, and fires could at any moment be lighted with as much facility as the chandeliers in the same apartments, supplied with gas from the same well.

In the kitchen was a large and complete range, sufficient for a family of 30 persons. When we entered, a low fire was burning, and sundry vessels were simmering over the flame. The cook turned a tap, and instantly the range was filled with fire—sufficient for all culinary operations up to the full capacity of the apparatus. Nothing is employed in that house for heating and illumination except this gas.

The well is in the back yard, sufficient removed from the mansion, and is covered by a small house. The bore is five hundred and twenty feet deep, lined with iron pipe, and furnished with a safety valve, like that of a steam boiler, and the gas is brought into the house and conducted over it, in the same mode employed in the case of ordinary street gas or water. The entire cost of this well and fixtures, ready for use, was twenty-five hundred dollars, and the supply of gas was sufficient, I thought, for two or three first-class houses. Nothing can possibly be more perfect than this arrangement; the fuel supply being as convenient and abundant as that of the water and illuminating gas from the public works.

**THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.**—The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is 108 feet higher than the Washington Monument in Baltimore, sixty-eight feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity Church tower at New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a great hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,000,000 pounds. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or about the weight of 70,000 full grown people, or about equal to 1,000 laden coal cars, which, holding four tons each, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 12,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds to the square foot, and St. Genevieve at Paris, 60,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supporters of our dome a pressure of 557,270 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about \$1,000,000. The new wings cost \$6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the Capitol and enlarging the park, which will cost about \$4,200,000.

Avarice in old age, says Cicero, is foolish; for what can be more absurd than to increase our provisions for the road the nearer we approach to our journey's end?

## THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

The Northern Pacific Surveying party, which was sent out from Des Moines to find, if possible, a practicable route through the valley of the Yellowstone, has returned to Fort Rice. The expedition is said to have been eminently successful. General Roscoe reports the discovery of a direct line to the Yellowstone river, through a country presenting but few obstacles to the construction of a road, and having abundance of water, and timber, and coal.

The valley of the Yellowstone, through which the Northern Pacific Railroad is soon destined to pass, is of singular interest, by reason of the remarkable character of its scenery and its strange geological formation. It is wild, savage, and grotesquely picturesque. Its most noticeable features are its Geysers. Herefore these spouting springs have only been found in Iceland and in California. The California Geysers are, however, but small as compared with those of the Yellowstone country. One valley of the Yellowstone contains no less than a hundred and fifty of these springs. Some of them are of weak power and insignificant dimensions. Others shoot upwards, at intervals, jets, or columns, of hot water to a height of from sixty to a hundred feet. One, in particular, throws an immense column of water to a height of over two hundred feet.

Besides these remarkable Geysers the Yellowstone has other wonders in its Canons; in its springs of water variously colored through a gradation of tints, from white to lavender and brilliant pink; in its mud volcanoes, and in the strangely weird character of its mountains and gorges. Some of these days many curious travellers will be attracted towards this singular country; whilst it may eventually obtain a reputation among invalids, as a sanitarium, from the healing virtues attributed to its hot springs.

Another tract of country has recently been explored to find an available route for a Southern Branch Pacific Railroad, from the Arkansas river through New Mexico and Arizona to the lower waters of the Colorado—which empties into the Gulf of California—and thence by a northwesterly course to San Francisco. This country is also reported to be eminently picturesque. From the boundary of Kansas; down the Purgatorius river and the upper waters of the Rio Grande; across the broken mountain spurs of Arizona, and the Mesas, or elevated plains, to the Gila Valley, the surveying parties met with an almost constant succession of natural wonders. Large portions of the country explored were of volcanic formation; but some of the plains and valleys were rich in grasses. Iron and coal of an excellent quality, were discovered in the mountains; but immense tracts of country, particularly to the west and south of the line of route, were alkaline deserts, with an entire absence of vegetation. But the most striking feature of all this region of mingled beauty, grandeur, and desolation is the Colorado Canon—a profound gorge, through which the waters of the Colorado river seethe and foam for a distance of five hundred miles on their way to the Gulf of California. The first white man that ever passed safely through the rapids and whirlpools of this dangerous Canon was James White, an adventurous frontiersman. For six days he floated down the river on a raft between nearly perpendicular mountain walls. Between the enclosing sides of this black gorge were, in some places, five thousand feet in height. Within a year past the Colorado Canon has been thoroughly explored by an expeditionary party, led by Colonel Powell and fitted out expressly for the purpose. After encountering many perils the entire party passed safely through.

**HOW DIFFERENT NATIONS EAT.**—The Moldavian Islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hinder parts of their houses, and then draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. On the contrary, the Islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal he runs till he meets with one; and, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest. The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, and forks. Every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very dextrously. A Kamchatkan kneels before his guest, cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf, and crams it entire into the mouth of the friend, furiously crying out, "Tappa" (there), and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and devours it with avidity.

An Irishman, noticing a lady pass down the street, espied two strips depending from under her mantle. Not knowing that these were styled sashes and were hanging in their right place, he exclaimed:—"An' faith, ma'am, yer galluses are loose!"

The Comanche Indians are disgusted with the employment of colored troops on the frontier, because they are so hard to scalp.

Nothing that is not real crime makes a man appear so contemptible in the eyes of the world as inequity.—Addison.

"What are you looking so sharply at that elephant for?" "To see if I can discover the key-hole in his trunk."

Suns or Success.—A youth who starts out in life with an earnest determination to be honest, upright, hardworking, punctual, attentive, and above all, cheerful, has a way to offend many of the wealthy friends, who will tell him that he is too good.

## HORRORS OF THE GREAT STORM.

The fire which destroyed Peshtigo, which occurred on the evening of the 8th, and history has never furnished a parallel of its terrible destruction. Shortly after the church-going people had returned from the evening service, an ominous sound was heard, like the distant roaring of the sea, or like a coming storm. This increased in intensity, and soon the inhabitants became alarmed and apprehensive of coming danger. Balls of fire were observed to fall like meteors in the town, igniting whatever they came in contact with. By this time the whole population were thoroughly aroused and alarmed, and caught up their children and what valuables they could hastily seize and fled for a place of safety. Now a bright light appeared in the southwest horizon, gradually increasing till the heavens were aglow with light. But a few moments elapsed after this before the horrible tornado of fire came upon the people, enveloping them in flame, smoke, burning sand and cinders. Those who had not now reached the river, or some other place of safety, were suffocated and burned to a cinder before they could advance a half dozen steps further. God only knows the horrors of terrible suffering of the whole town of Peshtigo on that memorable Sunday night. It seemed as if the love of God had been withdrawn from the place, and the fury of hell had been loosed to wastefully vex and torment the people.

No tongue can tell, no pen can describe, no brush can depict the realities of that night. Exaggeration would be utterly impossible. It defies human ingenuity. It was the destruction of Sodom re-enacted. It seems that the wickedness of the place had mocked God until his fiery thunderbolts were loosed for its destruction. But now, he who had been boldest in sin was the first to call upon his Maker for succor. The character of this fire was unlike any we have ever described before. It was a flame fanned by a hurricane, and accompanied by various electrical phenomena. Those that survived the terrible ordeal testify that they received electrical shocks, while they saw electrical flames flash in the air and dance over the surface of the earth around them. But the fury of the flash was past in half an hour, though the fire continued to burn more or less fiercely during the whole night.

The full effects of the storm were not apparent until daylight returned, and the survivors came forth from their retreats. A party of 150 fortunately ran together upon a low meadow below the bridge, and all were saved. A family of five persons saved themselves by jumping into a shallow well. Another family of the same number were all suffocated by a like resort. A large number threw themselves into the pond and sustained themselves by clinging to the boom and floating logs, at the same time continually wetting the head to prevent it from roasting.

We saw many children, some only one month old, which had been kept in the water the whole night, and yet survived. Some who were too ill to walk were taken from their beds and thrown into the water.

A large number were drowned, some by being trampled upon or thrown off their legs by the cattle and horses that, maddened by the fire, rushed into the water. Many entire families perished. Elays were lost out of one family.

Some of the bodies were so thoroughly burned and consumed that they could be scooped up and held in the double hands. But the details and incidents are too harrowing to relate.

The tornado came from the southwest, and swept over a section of country eight or ten miles in width, and of indefinite length. The timber in its course was felled by the wind and burnt by the fire, and every vestige of fence and building was swept away, with two or three exceptions. Sometimes the wind struck the earth with such force that the small undergrowth was torn up and kept in whirlwinds, while at other times it would skip rocks from the earth. The whole population of Peshtigo village proper, and of the farm-lands in the vicinity, was 2,000, and fully one-third of those perished on that fearful night. On the east shore of the bay reports place the loss of life fully as high as at Peshtigo, making the entire loss of life the fearful large number of 1,200.

A Reverend gentleman was addressing a school concert recently, and was trying to enforce the idea that the hearts of the little ones were sinful, and needed regulating. Taking his water and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it don't keep good time; now goes too fast, and now too slow; what shall I do with it?" "Sell it," shouted a flaxen-headed youngster.

An irate little man rushed into the publication office of one of the leading New York daily papers lately, and pointing to a certain article in a late issue, demanded to know who wrote it. The advertising clerk, who is six feet in height, solidly answered, "I did," which so amazed the questioner that without another word, he turned and left the office.

Suns or Success.—A youth who starts out in life with an earnest determination to be honest, upright, hardworking, punctual, attentive, and above all, cheerful, has a way to offend many of the wealthy friends, who will tell him that he is too good.











